

# The Mirror

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## Cities of Europe.

### DRESDEN.



GENERAL VIEW.



THE JAPANESE PALACE AND GARDEN.

### DRESDEN, AND ITS VICINITY.

(From a Correspondent.)

DRESDEN, the capital of Saxony, lying as it does a little out of the ordinary beat of tourists, is not, perhaps, so familiar to Englishmen as many places of note in Continental Europe.

VOL. XXIII.

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Yet does Dresden well repay a visit; and there are not many cities to be found, whether in Germany or elsewhere, which combine equal beauty of situation with the luxuries and elegance of a capital. Pleasantly seated on the Elbe, and in a vale gracefully

stretching itself in the direction of that river, this city may indeed be said to partake eminently of the beautiful, if not of the grand and imposing as well; and could the traveller view it from the heights towards Leipsic, imbedded in its own romantic hills, (not forgetting to observe the little isolated mountains of the Saxon Switzerland, gracefully rearing themselves in the distance,) if he could view it from this point, he would have before him one of those panoramas of living beauty, which art and nature sometimes delight to create.

Dresden, in addition to its peculiar attractions, will not be found wanting in the usual advantage of public gardens, fountains, &c. and all those attentions to the comforts of the people which most foreign towns possess. It is this charm and this considerate policy which serves in part to make a nation contented, even under an absolute government. In all this, however, we are ourselves still deficient at home; and it is only of late years that we have begun to understand better and imitate more the wiser policy of our Continental neighbours in this respect.

The court of Saxony cannot, of course, lay claim to the state and splendour of Vienna or Berlin; it is, in fact, small and simply composed: the royal family forming the nucleus for a limited nobility and the foreign ministers, and these, with a few resident English of rank or respectability, make up the set. The English are here in as much request, (provided they be well introduced,) as they are at most other courts; their society is much sought, their manners imitated, and the language, with its literature, perhaps more the fashionable study than it is elsewhere in Germany. Saxony has, in fact, the reputation of taking the first rank, in regard to the arts, among the German states, and it is remarkable that many of the inferior powers take rank in this respect before either Austria or Prussia: thus, again, Munich forms another centre for the arts. In Saxony, moreover, is the purest German spoken, and its towns and cities have produced some of the greatest men in the history of German literature.

But to return to the Court at Dresden, of which we were speaking. It is not only the patron of science, but it is said that a laudable and ardent love of literature may be observed within the walls of the palace: private theatricals are much in vogue there, and even the composition of the pieces is said to flow from royal pens. The King himself is the oldest of the monarchs of Europe; he is of the Catholic persuasion, and reported to be very superstitious. A story is current that for some unknown delinquency this prince made a vow of travelling on his knees as far as the Holy Sepulchre. The priesthood were obliged at last to solve the royal conscience by a sort

of compromise; they measured out the actual distance from Dresden to the Holy City within the walls of the great Catholic church, and so many rounds of the same did his punctual Majesty perform every day, fasting, until the whole journey was completed.

The King, notwithstanding his age, is still very active, and remarkable for his peculiarities. He is an early riser, and often to be seen bareheaded, with his hat slung from one of his buttons. During the late Congress of the Potentates at Prague, at which the King of Saxony was also present, there came a report of his death to Dresden; but it so happened that on the very day in which he was thus translated, he went to a review near the Bohemian capital, and even doubted for some time whether he should drive to the ground or proceed there on horseback! It was of this King that Napoleon said, "There was but one pride who was faithful to him to the last."

The people are in part Protestant, and there is a large and magnificent church for the performance of their religious service; but the Court being Catholic, it may easily be imagined that the people lean more towards that faith.

From our individual experience of Germans at home, it has, perhaps, been usual with Englishmen to associate the idea of talent and activity of mind with the very name of a German. A little reflection, however, might have shown us, that they who leave their own country to seek their fortunes in another, would in all probability be among its best intellectual specimens. Germans, in reality, are not clever as a people, or in the lump, if we may be allowed such an expression. On the contrary, they are a little heavy in their habits and intellects; and this is to be observed even in Saxony, where, as we have said, civilization and the arts are supposed to be at their greatest height. But if the people are not brilliant, they are at any rate happy. They enjoy life, and, unlike our own "nation of shopkeepers," the very trading classes will have their daily modicum of pleasures; not being worldly enough to see the wisdom of scraping up wealth till the season for enjoyment is past. It must be a tempting offer, indeed, which can induce a Saxon craftsman to linger in the workshop beyond the hour of recreation; his neighbours are gone before him to the numerous coffee-gardens in and about the city, his wife and children also wait for him to accompany them; and why should he rob himself of a little harmless enjoyment for the reward of a few groschen? The whole of the people seem very proud of an irregular troop constantly paraded in the town, called the "Garde Communal;" this used to be styled the "Garde National;" but it is composed as before of the citizens themselves, wearing a

sort of simple uniform, and only differing in the point of every citizen being now subject to enlistment in its ranks. It appears that this has been one effect of the constitution lately granted by the King; but he might have made its provisions twice as liberal, and their guard, whether under their own control or that of the executive, might have been doubled in its force. The Saxons could never be more than a petty German state, and if independent at all, (with Prussia on one side and Austria on the other,) only so by sufferance.

The gallery of paintings forms, perhaps, one of the finest individual collections in the world; there you may see the Madonna of Raphael, (considered the masterpiece of that painter,) some of Corregio's most noted pieces, the Venus of Titian, the *Kece Homo* by Guido, and many other great performances well known to the world.\* This magnificent collection is thrown open for the inspection of all strangers, as well as natives; and forms a sort of public if not fashionable lounge. It is to be regretted, however, that the gallery itself is extremely inconvenient for its purpose; and what is still worse, and might be remedied, the pictures are placed in unfavourable lights and altogether carelessly arranged.

Besides the gallery of paintings there is an excellent theatre, with a very respectable company of performers and music of the very first order. For a very small sum here may be had a very good entertainment, thus affording a great and constant resource of improvement as well as amusement to all classes. There are also public periodical balls during the season, which if not so select as those of the court, are far from being vulgar, and certainly much more amusing.

We must not omit to say a few words on the ladies, and the beauty of Saxony. It is decidedly of that class which, (if we may say so with reverence,) would be styled "Dutch," and not merely approaching to *embonpoint*, but entirely so; this, however much in the extreme, the Germans are great admirers of, a taste which may be referred to the natural effect of habit. It may be supposed, therefore, that they look with little admiration on the genteelly slim and more elegant forms of our countrywomen. The ladies of Dresden are great housewives and indeed "notable" in every way; those of the first rank are to be seen with large bunches of keys, (and keys of German manufacture too,) ponderously suspended from their girdle; they are sometimes so proud of these emblems of their useful qualities that they are to be met with, thus adorned, in the public walks. The leisure hours of all, whether high or low,

are employed incessantly in the working of a kind of tapestry, at which they seem to labour with wonderful industry as well as no little skill.

The neighbourhood of the city, as we have said already, is very beautiful: Pillnitz, the residence of the King, seated on the Elbe, and in the immediate vicinity, is an imposing and picturesque spot. In a neighbouring village is another object of interest—the tomb of Moreau, being the spot where the legs of that general were taken off by a cannon-ball from the town, during the battle of Dresden. There are also many other places in the neighbourhood worth the attention of the curious or lovers of scenery, a visit to which, however, would be more in the nature of excursions; such is Wiesenstein, where is another royal villa, in the direction of Teplitz—and we ought not to omit the romantic drive to the beautiful village of Tharand; beyond which place may be seen the great silver mine at Freyberg, one of the finest in Europe.

But the gem of all is the Saxon Switzerland. This magnificent tract of country no one should do himself the injustice to leave Dresden without visiting; indeed, strangers now flock from all parts of the world purposely to visit this little paradise, and the names of Königstein and Lielienstein have become almost as familiar in the ears of foreigners as they are to the Saxons themselves. This tour cannot be performed in less than three days, so as to set out from and return to Dresden: the first grand and general view, from the rocks of the Bastei with the abounding waters of the Elbe winding along at your feet, is wonderfully imposing. But not to begin any rhapsodies which it would be difficult to end, let it suffice to say, that the curious traveller will see in the course of his tour a succession of romantic valleys, waterfalls, beetling rocks, and all those charms peculiar to such a class of scenery;—which, perhaps, never were before seen thrown so majestically together, or in so small a space. Wilder countries, no doubt, have their charms too—but these partake rather of the sublime than the beautiful; and where the features of scenery are something less grand, the eye is enabled with more facility and more enjoyment to take in the view without feeling itself, as it were, lost. The greater part of this expedition must be made on foot, the ruggedness of the path not affording a facility for carriages. Large and valuable forests crown the sides and summits of the hills, and the Elbe affording a facility for floating timber down its stream, a considerable revenue is thus derived to the crown. Several of the villages, which seem devoted to the sawing and preparing of wood, are built entirely in the Swiss style, and in passing through these a person acquainted with Switzerland might

\* For an Engraving and Description of this Gallery, see *Mirror*, vol. xxii. p. 333.

almost fancy himself in the vicinity of the Alps.

In returning homewards by the left bank of the Elbe, the road passes close by Konigstein. The celebrated fortress which stands upon this rock is considered impregnable, and is in other respects so well worthy attention, that the traveller should endeavour to gain access to it. This was always somewhat difficult, and it was made so, not from any exclusive spirit; but the towns of Saxony not being fortified, this fortress is, as it were, invaluable; and there is a pardonable fear of strangers taking plans of its intricacies. Of late, since the Saxon constitution has been granted and the whole of Europe has been disturbed, it has become yet more difficult to obtain admittance: it is necessary now for strangers to obtain an order from their own ambassador, and this is to be afterwards countersigned by the minister of war. In case of any invasion or internal commotion, the King, with the crown jewels, and the pictures from the gallery are all removed here forthwith; and thus, in time of war, his Majesty and suite are enabled to live as safely, if not as comfortably, as in the palace at Dresden during a time of peace.

Altogether, the Saxon Switzerland may be pronounced as beautiful a tract of country as may be seen throughout Germany, or, indeed, elsewhere; notwithstanding the declaration of the King himself, that "the Saxon Switzerland was as much like Switzerland as he was like Venus!"—a striking comparison, truly, but not very patriotic. For ourselves, we think and declare, in spite too of English prejudice, that as the little kingdom of Saxony undoubtedly deserves the gratitude of the learned for its advancement of the arts, so too does it well merit the attention of the curious for its natural beauties. F.

*Dresden, October, 1833.*

[In the two annexed views of Dresden, the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, and the Catholic Church are noble features. The opposite banks of the Elbe are called New Town, and the Old Town, or Dresden Proper. In the second cut is shown the Royal Japanese Palace, which is the great Museum of Dresden, and contains the most beautiful porcelain specimens in Europe.]

### THE SIDNEY OAK.

In No. 643 of the *Mirror* it is stated that in the park at Penshurst stands the famous oak, said to have been planted at the birth of Sir Philip Sidney. It may be so; but it appears that forty years since, its identity could not be ascertained. I have by me a very old edition of the Tunbridge Wells' Guide, which gives all the information that could be procured at the above time, by the most diligent

inquiries on the spot; which is as follows: "Sir Philip Sidney was born on the 29th of November, 1554, and named after the King of Spain, who stood godfather for him. He being the first born of his father, and the first of that family who had received their birth at Penshurst, a tree was planted in the park upon that occasion, which is alluded to by the celebrated Waller in the following manner:

Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark  
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark  
Of noble Sidney's birth; when such benign,  
Such more than mortal making stars did shine  
That there it cannot but for ever prove  
The monument and pledge of humble love.

Ben Jonson also has alluded to this tree in his *Forest*:

Thou hast thy walks for health as well as sport,  
Thy mount to which the Dryads do resort,  
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made  
Beneath the broad beech and the chestnut shade.  
That tall tree too, which of a nut was set,  
At his great birth where all the Muses met."

The charming thought at the conclusion of the last line, is so beautifully and poetically detailed in the little poem called *Penshurst*, referred to by P. T. W., that I cannot refrain transcribing it, repeating the first eight lines:

What genius points to yonder oak,  
What rapture does my soul provoke;  
Here let me hang a garland high,  
There let my muse her accents try;  
Be there my earliest homage paid,  
Be there my latest vigils made;  
For thou was planted in the earth  
The day that shone on Sidney's birth.  
That happy time, that glorious day,  
The Muses came in concert gay;  
With harps in tune and ready song,  
The jolly chorus tript along.  
In honour of the auspicious morn  
To hail the infant genius born.  
Next came the Fauns, in order meet,  
The Satyrs next with cloven feet,  
The Dryads swift that roam the woods,  
The Naiads green that swim the floods;  
Sylvanus left his silent cave,  
Midway came dripping from the wave,  
Vertumnus led his blushing spouse,  
And Ceres shook her wheaten brows,  
And Mars with milder look was there,  
And laughing Venus grac'd the rear.  
They join'd their hands in festive dance  
And bade the smiling babe advance,  
Each gave a gift; Sylvanus last,  
Ordain'd when all the pomp was past  
Memorial meet, a tree to grow  
Which might to future ages show  
That on select occasion rare  
A troop of gods assembled there.  
The Naiads water'd all the ground,  
And Flora twin'd a woodbine round;  
The tree sprung fast in hallow'd earth  
Coeval with the illustrious birth.

Collins, (who died in 1756,) informs his readers that this tree was remaining in the park in his time, and called Bears Oak, but it does not appear that there is now any well ascertained tradition in the family relating to it; "so perishing are temporary memorials, while his own immortal deeds shall transmit

his name with applause down to the latest posterity."

Forty years since, I lived within a mile and a half of the spot, and knew it well, but never heard a surmise concerning the tree. I am aware of there being an ancient hollow oak standing in the park at that time, within which the cattle shaded themselves from the meridian sun. And I well recollect this tree from some peculiar circumstances. Walking in its vicinity with some young friends, we approached the aged "monarch of the woods," and wishing to ascertain how many it would contain, we entered through an aperture with a circular top, cut into the hollow; we had not, however, an opportunity of being satisfied, for when the whole company, six in number, were standing upright in the tree, it would have held more. Alas! three of the number were a part of a family of six lovely blossoms, all of whom, in the space of seven short years, were blighted by a rapid consumption; which again speaks the instability of all sublunary things:—man cometh forth like a flower and is cut down, he lieth also as a shadow and continueth not.

T. T. B., ENFIELD.

#### STRATFORD-LE-BOW.

(To the Editor.)

I THANK your Correspondent, J. R., Limehouse, for his corrective remarks, (at page 212,) on my communication, appended to the view of Stratford (New) Church, in No. 647 of the *Mirror*.

On my visiting the site of Westham Abbey, last autumn, in company with an antiquarian friend, we were told, in answer to our inquiries, that the whole, (at least every architectural feature,) had been destroyed; but we did not, I confess, explore that *terra incognita*, the Adam and Eve Inn Tea Gardens.

"Secondly," says your Correspondent, "the parish of St. Mary, Stratford-le-Bow, could not have obtained its cognomen from the Bridge, the parish having *probably* existed previous to the pontine erection;" but it would be difficult, I fear, to substantiate this hypothesis. Mr. Lysons states, that in the year 1311, a license was granted by Bishop Baldock, (dated from Stepney,) to the inhabitants of Stratford and Old Ford, to build a chapel, for the convenience of attending divine worship, they being so far distant from their parish church; and the roads in winter impassable by reason of the floods. Some differences occurring in the fifteenth century, between the inhabitants of Stepney and those of Stratford, were compromised in 1497, when the people of Stratford agreed for the future to acknowledge themselves parishioners of Stepney, and their chapel subject to that church. It was not, in fact, till the time of George the first, that the

hamlet of Stratford-bow was erected into a parish, the old edifice being consecrated as a church on the 26th of March, 1719; when the place seems to have dropped its original appellation, and to have retained only the distinctive particle, Bow."

Some remarks on the subject of the Bridge will be found in *Arnold's Magazine of the Fine Arts*, for July, 1833, which prove its existence long anterior to 1311; and which may also perhaps serve your Correspondent in determining where the river Lea was crossed in the ancient route to Barking. This, I conceive, was the same (thus far) as to Durobiton or Laytonstone, by the Roman vicinal way. F. A. S.

#### PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY.

ALL classes of Christians will rejoice at the proceedings of the Church Missionary Society, during the past year, as reported at the thirty-fourth anniversary, held in Exeter Hall, a few days since. The Committee appear to have expended 48,620*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.* in their useful labours, and to have collected 3,752*l.* more than in the previous year. From the increased success of the Society, considerable enlargement has been made to the Missions in the Mediterranean, North India, and New Zealand. After enumerating the number of Missionaries and catechists abroad, and their proceedings, the Report states that in Africa, it is expected, the Gospel will be introduced to its very centre. In the Mediterranean, that important and interesting portion of the globe, where so many of the transactions narrated in Scripture have taken place, the efforts of the Missionaries have been most successful. In Malta, the works published amount to 76,000, exceeding by 30,000 those of the preceding year. In Greece, the missionaries have met with much tribulation, but they have persevered in the good work. In Syria, 150 schools have been established, and there are from 3,000 to 4,000 scholars in them. In Turkey, at Smyrna, the formation of schools for boys and girls had been successfully commenced; but the Turkish government interfered, and the schoolmaster and schoolmistress were placed in the stocks; they were, however, soon released, and permitted to go on without molestation. In Egypt, a missionary establishment has been formed at Grand Cairo, and Mr. Leader was proceeding to go as far as Dongola. In Abyssinia, the objects of the Missionaries are progressing. The Report next refers to North India. In Calcutta, many have sought the truths of Christianity, and a letter from a reverend gentleman states, that twelve natives have been baptized at one time. One was introduced to the Bishop of Calcutta, and his answers to questions of religion from the prelate were most satisfac-

tory. It is still lamentable to find, that notwithstanding the extended intercourse of the natives with Europeans, gross superstition and heathenism prevail to an alarming extent in Calcutta. The pious Bishop Wilson, however, is indefatigable in his labours to avert these evils; for his Lordship is stated by the Bishop of Winchester to have preached eighty-seven sermons in three months. The accounts from Benares and Cawnpore are disheartening, from the wandering habits of the people, and their love of intoxicating liquors and herbs. Objections to the Missionaries, too, have been raised from European sources. The Brahmins used violent language to the Missionaries, and said the latter ought to have their tongues cut out, and boiling lead poured into the ears of their hearers. They compared their great gods to the root and trunk of a tree, and the other gods to the leaves and branches. But when asked, how gods, so powerful as they believed them, allowed the elephant to destroy the tree and eat the leaves, they made no answer. The infidel opposition in North India has been much subdued. The accounts from Madras are animating; but from a college, where some young men, natives, have been educated, one has died of cholera, and another, it was feared, from having been poisoned. Notwithstanding persecutions, many have been converted: one woman was repudiated by her family, but she persisted in her new Christian faith, although boiling water was poured on her naked body by her relations; but when they were ill, she returned to them, and performed their household duties for them. One Missionary had the gratification of partaking of the Lord's Supper with seventy natives; some of whom had come fifteen miles to join the ceremony. Three or four of the priests have joined in preaching the Gospel, and against their former faith. In Bombay and Western India, the Missions are progressing. In Ceylon, although the Dutch Government have passed a law that none but those baptized and registered shall inherit property, yet the grossest ignorance prevails, which the Society's Mission are endeavouring to remove. In Australia, especially in New Holland, the claims upon the Society and the Missionaries are likely to be great. The female character, in many districts, is much debased; and the women carry the weapons of war, and the food of the men, as well as their babies. They have no idea of a Supreme Being, but entertain great fear of the Devil, for whom they have two or three names in their language. In New Zealand, the contrast is most pleasing. The natives, in attending divine service, are more attentive than the congregations in our country and London churches. Their piety, too, is greater; for they prepare their provisions the

day before the Sabbath. Their bell, calling to worship, to prayer, and to school, is an axe suspended from a tree, struck by a stone, and which resounds through the village and the valley: thus, the weapon of conflict has been converted to a religious use. How beautifully illustrative of the language of the Gospel, that spears should be turned into pruning hooks, and swords into ploughshares. Still more important is it to know, that the Scriptures, at least in part, have been translated into the New Zealand language, and that a printing press and a printer have been sent out. In relation to the West Indies, the past year will ever be memorable for the termination of a conflict which has agitated the councils of the nation for half a century—the emancipation of the slaves! That great philanthropist, Wilberforce, after fifty years of arduous and unremitting exertion, just lived to see the passing of this great measure. In feeling its beneficence and importance, the Committee and Society also rejoice that it affords greater facilities for their exertions to better the spiritual condition of the Negro. In British Guiana, the Missions have met with some interruption. The accounts of North-west America were delayed from the Company's ship having been frozen up in Hudson's Bay, and the dispatches were sent overland; from which it appears that the Indian children have increased double their number in the schools.

We feel sincere satisfaction in recording these facts in our columns; and it is to be hoped that the pious and influential persons who have thus far joined in "labours of love," will not relax in their scheme of universal benevolence. It is now thirty-five years since the Society began the glorious work of revealing the blessings of Christianity to the ignorant and unexplored world. But, in this period, how gratifying have been the results of their exertions, beset as they have been with formidable and appalling obstacles by the unenlightened savage, as also by the prejudices of civilization. These unwearied philanthropists may reflect that exceeding great reward is laid up in heaven for all who thus labour in disseminating religion and happiness among the human race without reference to caste or colour; and, in assurance of this truth, how impressively was it observed by the Bishop of Winchester, in exhorting the Society to special prayer for aid in their labours: "It was the prayer of a Herod to grant half a kingdom to Herodias; but the Lord God has promised a whole kingdom to the righteous."

Of kindred interest will be found the following summary of the labours of the British and Foreign Bible Society, as reported at the anniversary meeting on the day subsequent to that of the Church Missionary Soci-



ety. The Bible Society has existed thirty years, having been formed in 1804. Its object, the circulation of the Holy Scriptures, without note or comment, has been promoted in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, by more than 5,000 kindred institutions, of which 3,400 have been formed in Great Britain and Ireland. It has printed and distributed the Scriptures, in whole or in part, in 121 different languages and dialects; in 72 of which no part of the Word of God had before been printed; and the Society is now engaged in translations into 36 other languages. The Society, since its formation, has circulated, or caused to be circulated, no less than 13,000,000 copies of the Bible, or portions of it. In 1800, no part of the Scriptures existed in more than 60 languages: of these, the Bible Society has reprinted 42, and adopted re-translations of 50 others: it has also procured, printed, and circulated translations into 72 other languages or dialects, in which no part had even appeared before. Of these, 11 have been for the use of Europeans, 50 for the nations of Asia, 4 for Africa, and 7 for America. The Society's issues have gradually increased from 50,000 to 550,000 copies of the Scriptures annually; and the expenditure, since its establishment, has amounted to upwards of 2,000,000*l.* The number of Bibles distributed in the past year was, we believe, 900,000. The receipts of the year amounted to 83,937*l.*, being an excess of 8,400*l.* over the receipts of the previous year; but for the two preceding years there had been a deficit of several thousands. This proves that the benevolent promoters of Christianity are rallying in the "good fight." During the past year, 1,600*l.* were left to the Society's funds anonymously; Mrs. Hannah More left 1,000*l.*; and the Society's late Secretary, a legacy of 600*l.*

### The Naturalist.

NOTES, FROM JESSE'S GLEANINGS.

#### Aged Tortoise.

Captain Gooch, one of the elder brethren of the Trinity House, informed me that when he was at Calcutta, he was told that a tortoise which had belonged to, and been a great favourite of, Lord Clive, when he was Governor General of India, was still alive.—He went to see it, and as no one seemed to take any interest in it, he procured it with little difficulty, and brought it to England. Before he left Calcutta, he made every inquiry in his power as to the probable age of this tortoise, and ascertained from a variety of corroborative circumstances, that it could not be less than two hundred years old. On its arrival in England, it was put into the coach-house at Captain Gooch's House on Clapham Com-

mon, where it did well for a short time, but one morning nothing of it was found but its shell, the poor tortoise having been devoured by rats.

#### Sagacity of Rats.

The sagacity and foresight of rats is very extraordinary, and the following anecdote, wonderful as it may appear, may be relied upon. I received it from a person of the strictest veracity, who was a witness of the fact. A box containing some bottles of Florence oil, was placed in a store-room which was seldom opened, the lid of the box having been taken away. On going to the room for one of the bottles, the pieces of bladder and the cotton which were at the mouth of each bottle had disappeared, and a considerable quantity of the contents of the bottles had been consumed. This circumstance having excited surprise, a few bottles were filled with oil, and the mouth of them secured as before. The next morning the coverings of the bottles had been removed, and some of the oil was gone. On watching the room, which was done through a small window, some rats were seen to get into the box, and insert their tails into the necks of the bottles, and then withdrawing them, they licked off the oil which adhered to them. I would not have ventured to introduce this anecdote had I not been as much convinced of its accuracy as if I had been a witness of it myself.

A striking proof of the sagacity, courage, and I may say reasoning power of these animals, has been recently given me by a medical friend living at Kingston, who is much devoted to the pursuits of Natural History.

It appears that from his having entertained a great deal of surprise that the Ferret, an animal of *such slow locomotive powers*, should be so destructive and obnoxious to the rat tribe, he determined to bring both these animals fairly into the arena in order to judge of their respective powers; and having selected a fine specimen of a large and full grown male rat, as also an equally strong buck ferret, which had been accustomed to the haunts of rats, accompanied by his son, he turned these two animals loose in a room void of furniture, in which there was but one window, determined to await patiently the whole process of their encounter. Immediately upon being liberated, the rat ran round the room as if searching for an exit. Not finding any means of escape he uttered a piercing shriek, and with the most prompt decision took up his station directly under the light, thus gaining over his adversary, (to use the language of pugilists,) *the advantage of the sun*. The ferret now erected his head, sniffed about, and seemed fearlessly to push his way towards the spot where the scent of his game was strongest, facing the light in full front, and preparing himself

with avidity to seize upon his prey. No sooner, however, had he approached within two feet of his watchful foe, than the rat, again uttering a loud cry, rushed at him, and in a violent attack, inflicted a severe wound on the head or neck of the ferret, which soon discovered itself by the blood which flowed from it; the ferret seemed astonished at the charge, and retreated with evident discomfiture, while the rat, instead of following up the advantage he had gained, instantly withdrew to his former station under the window.

The ferret soon recovered the shock he had sustained, and erecting his head, once more took the field.

This second rencontre was in all its progress and results an exact repetition of the former, with this exception, that on the rush of the rat to the conflict the ferret appeared more collected, and evidently showed an inclination to get a firm hold of his enemy: the strength of the rat, however, was prodigiously great, and he again succeeded in not only avoiding the deadly embrace of the ferret, but also inflicted another severe wound on his neck and head. The rat again returned to his retreat under the window, and the ferret seemed less anxious to renew the conflict. These attacks were resumed at intervals for nearly two hours, generally ending in the failure of the ferret, who was evidently fighting to a disadvantage from the light falling full on his eye whenever he approached the rat, who wisely kept his ground, and never for a moment lost sight of the advantage he had obtained.

In order to prove whether the choice of this position depended upon accident, my friend managed to dislodge the rat, and took his own station under the window; but the moment the ferret attempted to make his approach, the rat, evidently aware of the advantage he had lost, endeavoured to creep between my friend's legs, thus losing sight of his natural fear of man under the danger which awaited him from his more deadly foe.

The ferret by this time had learned a profitable lesson, and prepared to approach the rat in a more wily manner, by creeping insidiously along the skirting, and thus avoiding the glare of light that heretofore had baffled his attempts.

The rat still pursued with the greatest energy his original mode of attack, namely, inflicting a wound, and avoiding at the same time a close combat, whilst it was equally certain that his foe was intent upon laying hold of, and grasping his intended victim in his murderous embrace.

The character of the fight, which had lasted more than three hours, was now evidently changed, and the rat appeared conscious that he had lost the advantage he originally possessed, and like the Swedish

hero, had taught his frequently beaten foe to beat himself in turn.

At last, in a lengthened struggle, the ferret succeeded in accomplishing his originally intended grapple; the rat, as if conscious of his certain ruin, made little further effort of resistance, but sending forth a plaintive shriek, surrendered himself quietly to his persevering foe.

The progress of this experiment brought to proof the instinctive character of the animals engaged therein. There were many minor traits and circumstances illustrative of a reasoning power, the detail of which would far exceed the limits of this notice. It is evident, however, that in a state of nature, or in a fair field, the rat would probably be triumphant; but in close quarters, and particularly in the dark, the insidious ferret would ultimately prove the victor.

*Gilbert White.*

As far as I can collect from his Diary, (if I may call it so,) which is now in my possession, he appears to have been of retired habits, with a mind constantly employed in his favourite study, and enjoying that cheerful and happy disposition which such pursuits invariably bring with them. His time was almost entirely passed in his favourite and secluded village. He notices the visits which were from time to time paid him, and these were chiefly by his own relations. He carefully notes down all his nephews and nieces as they respectively came into the world, amounting to about sixty-three, when his diary closed. He chronicled his beer, and takes notice of the quantity of port wine which came to his share when he had a pipe of it with his neighbours. He appears to have made annual visits at Lambeth, Ringmeer, and Oxford, and during these absences his old servant, Thomas, kept his weather journal. Mr. White passed much of his time in his garden, and he makes frequent mention of his crops, his fine and early cucumbers, and the flavour of his Cardillac pears. He thought nothing too trifling to be recorded. The appearance of his neighbours' hops, the beginning and ending of their harvests, their bees, their pigs, and poultry, are all noticed in succession, and appear to have added to the interest he took in rural life. Insignificant as these little details may appear, they were not thought so by a man whose mind was stored with learning, possessing a cultivated and elegant taste for what is beautiful in nature, and who has left behind him one of the most delightful books in the English language—delightful not only for the agreeable information it contains, but also for its style and accuracy.





THE FLAMINGO.

This bird, although one of the most remarkable of all the aquatic tribes for its size, beauty, and the reputed delicacy of its flesh, is by no means well known as regards its habits and manners. The genus *Phaenicopterus*, (Linn.) or Flamingo, consists of two species, distinguished by having a naked toothed bill, bent as if broken: the feet are four-toed, palmate, the membranes semicircular on the fore part. One of the species (*P. antiquorum*) is of a rose colour, with red wings, having the quills black; and is found on almost every shore of the Mediterranean, Spain, Italy, &c.; and in every district of Africa, to the Cape of Good Hope. The other species, (*P. ruber*), of deep red colour, with black quills, is peculiar to tropical America.

The red flamingo is altogether a very singular bird, with a body less than that of a goose; but owing to the great length of the neck and legs, it stands from five to six feet high. The head is small and round, and furnished with a bill nearly seven inches long, which is light and hollow, having a membrane at the base, and being suddenly curved downwards from the middle: its

colours are red and black. The legs and thighs are slender, not thicker than the fore-finger of a man, yet two feet long; the neck is also slender, and three feet long. From this extraordinary shape, the flamingo is able to wade in the water to the depth where its food is to be found. Although the feet are webbed, it seldom uses them for swimming. The length from the bill to the tail is about four feet four inches. The plumage is not less remarkable than its figure, much of it being of a bright flame colour, whence its name. In the splendour of sunset, its whole appearance is extremely beautiful. Southey sings:

"Evening came on: arising from the stream,  
Homeward the tall flamingo wings his flight;  
And when he sails athwart the setting beam,  
His scarlet plumage glows with deeper light."

#### And Campbell:

"Where of Indian hills the daylight takes  
His leave, now might you the flamingo see  
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes."

Flamingos live and emigrate in large flocks, frequenting desert sea-coasts and salt marshes. They are extremely shy and watchful. While feeding, they keep together,

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P. M. " - 225.

drawn up artificially in lines, which, at a distance, resemble those of an army; and, like many other gregarious birds, they employ some to act as sentinels for the security of the rest. On the approach of danger, these give warning by a loud sound, like that of a trumpet, which may be heard at a great distance, and is the sign for the flock to take wing. When flying, they form a triangle. Their food appears to be *mollusca*, spawn, and insects, which they draw up by means of their long neck, turning their head in such a manner as to take advantage in the crook of the beak. They breed in companies, in inundated marshes, raising the nest to the height of their bodies, by heaping up the mud, with their feet, into a hillock, which is concave at the top. In this hollow, the female lays her eggs, which are two, white, and the size of a goose's; and she hatches them by sitting on them, perched, as it were, upon her rump, with her legs hanging down, like a man sitting upon a stool. This peculiar posture is necessary during her incubation, in consequence of the very great length of the legs. The young, which never exceed three in number, do not fly until they have nearly attained their full growth, though they can run very swiftly a few days after their exclusion from the shell. Their plumage differs greatly from the adult bird, and is changed repeatedly.

The flamingo was well known to the ancients under the name of *Phœnicopterus*, and was held in high repute among the luxurious Romans. Apicius, so famous in the annals of gastronomy, and the *Ude* of his day, is recorded by Pliny to have discovered the exquisite relish of the flamingo's tongue, and a superior mode of dressing it. Dampier and other travellers speak variously respecting the flesh of this bird: some consider it to eat equal to the flesh of the partridge; others say that it is indifferent. We are induced to credit the latter, and to think the flesh must be offensively fishy, from the aquatic habits of the bird.\*

In some parts, flamingos are tamed, principally for the sake of their very fine down, which is applicable to all purposes for which the down of the swan is employed. When

taken young, they soon grow familiar, but they are not found to thrive in the domesticated state, as they are extremely impatient of cold. They are caught by snares, or by making use of tame birds. The method is to drive the latter into places frequented by the wild birds, and to lay meat for them there. No sooner do the wild flamingos see the others devouring this food, than they flock around to obtain a share. A battle ensues between the parties, when the bird-catchers who are concealed close by, spring up and take the unwary flamingos.

### Select Biography.

DR. ADAM CLARKE.

[We abridge from a sheet of the *Quarterly Review* the following passages in the life of this excellent man—one of the most influential of Wesley's immediate followers. They occur in a paper on the life of Dr. Clarke, in three volumes; the first written by Dr. Clarke himself—the two latter by his youngest daughter, her father supplying her with materials, who moreover perused the whole manuscript up to the year 1830, and attached his signature to each sheet in testimony of its truth; the whole edited by the Rev. J. B. Clarke, the doctor's youngest son.]

Adam Clarke was born at Moybeg, an obscure hamlet in Londonderry, about the year 1760. His father was a village school-master of a superior order, and Adam, if we understand the narrative right, was one of his scholars; a lad of hardy habits, and as yet unapt to learn. It was intended that he should be brought up by his grandfather, but not liking the restraint of his grandmother's apron-strings, and having a great passion for looking into a draw-well on the premises—whether in early quest of truth, is not said—he incurred the old lady's displeasure by keeping her in a state of alarm for his life, and was accordingly sent home. Whatever was his want of capacity to acquire knowledge, his feelings were quick and tender; and one day, as he and a little school-fellow were seated on a bank together, the children fell into serious conversation on futurity.—“O Addy, Addy,” said his companion, “what a dreadful thing is eternity; and O, how dreadful to be put into hell-fire, and to be burnt for ever!” and thereupon they wept bitterly, begged God to forgive them their sins, which were chiefly those of disobedience to their parents, and made to each other strong promises of amendment. His mother, who came to the knowledge of this incident, pondered it in her heart with a mother's satisfaction; his father, who seems to have been an austere, ill-judging man, had no opinion of pious resolutions in children; and Adam was old enough to find discouragement

\* We are often puzzled with the “luxuries” of the ancients; in this case, however, the delicacy is in the tongue. In the choice of the fish mullet, (by the way, now in due season,) the ancients' notions of epicurism were respectable; although we still think that Pliny's price, 300*l.*, for a single fish, was paying dear, notwithstanding the mullet weighed 3*lb.* But the Romans mingled cruelty with their epicurism, and we preserve traits of the passion in skinning eels and boiling lobsters alive. Apicius hit upon a mode of suffocating mullet in a certain pickle which heightened their flavour. We are content to enjoy this fish without such cruelty: baked in paper with butter, and served up with a rich Sherry wine sauce, mullet is one of the greatest delicacies of this luxurious season, and has no rival near the throne of—Ude.

in this indifference, and to feel that smoking flax had been quenched.

The nearest neighbour Adam Clarke's father had was one Pierce Quenlin, a very fat man. Adam beheld him with disgust, as a loathsome object; a feeling which was rendered yet more intense by a dumb fortune-teller, called, in the Scottish dialect of Ulster, a spae-man, who gave Adam to understand that it would be one day his own lot to be fond of the bottle and to have a big belly. He thought that the spae-man might be right, nevertheless that God could overrule evils even great as these; and, accordingly, he stole into the field, kneeled himself down in a furze-bush, and prayed heartily, saying, "O Lord God, have mercy upon me, and never suffer me to be like Pierce Quenlin!" He adds, that he continued throughout life to entertain a wholesome dread of drunkenness and fat. Upon such trifles in our tender years do some of the most invaluable safeguards of our future virtue depend. He still remained a dunce; was reproached by his teacher, and scoffed at by his schoolfellows; till at last a taunt of the latter kind stung him in the right place—he felt as "if something had broken within him;" and from that day forward he made rapid advances "in whatsoever he put his head unto"—arithmetic only excepted.

The circumstances of the family were strait, so much so, indeed, that his father and mother, with their first-born child, (Adam was their second,) had actually embarked for America, and were only prevailed upon to abandon their enterprise by the most earnest entreaties of their friends. Mr. Clarke, therefore, found it convenient to combine his school with a small farm; this he cultivated after the plan of Virgil's *Georgics*, a work of which he was a great admirer: though whether the system of agriculture which suited the *Campagna di Roma* would consort so well with the village of Maghera, or Moybeg, "in the township of Cootinaglugg, in the parish of Kilchronagan, in the barony of Loughinshallin, in the county of Londonderry," might admit of a reasonable doubt. However, his crops, says his son, were "as good as his neighbours'." Meanwhile, Adam and his brother were employed in the labour of husbandry, and in the studies of the school by turns: he whose duty it was to read the *Georgics*, communicating his lesson to him whose duty it had been to apply them. The pence they thus gained were laid out in books—such nursery tales and wild romances as were wont to make up the youthful library before the march of knowledge had superseded them by treatises on political economy, and taught us to put away childish things ere yet we are men. The use of such books Adam Clarke defends, as creating an appetite for reading, the foundation of all knowledge;

leading the mind to the contemplation of a spiritual world, such as it was; and, in some instances, as in the case of Robinson Crusoe, impressing the child with such a notion of the providence of God, as nothing was ever likely to efface afterwards.

Mention has already been made of Adam Clarke's mother. She was a Presbyterian of the old Puritan school—a person powerful in the Scriptures—and whenever she corrected her children she gave chapter and verse for it. Such a practice, if generally adopted by parents, would soon render the Bible the rule of life, and go far to make religion operative. From her he received his early religious impressions.

Adam Clarke was now far in his teens, but as yet without any settled plan of life. His friends wished him to assist his father in his school, and eventually to succeed him in it, but the proposal was not to his taste. He was afloat, and in a condition, therefore, to be appropriated, when, in the year 1777, the Methodists first appeared in his neighbourhood. Hitherto he had been in the habit of attending both church and meeting-house, the former chiefly, but with no great edification from either; indeed the Presbyterian congregation here, as elsewhere, was fast drooping into Socinianism. He was now led by curiosity to hear a sermon of the new preacher. Christ crucified, and redemption through his blood, was the burden of his sermon; and Mrs. Clarke, who accompanied her son, and who was as yet his oracle in matters spiritual, pronounced rightly enough—"This is the doctrine of the Reformers." From that time the house of the Clarks was open to such preachers as came to those parts, and young Adam was soon added to the number of the converts. It was still, however, some time before he had assurance of his salvation, a doctrine then strongly insisted upon by the Methodists, but "one morning," we quote his own account of an incident which he ever represented as the epoch of his life, "in great distress of soul he went out to work in the field. He began, but could not proceed, so great was his spiritual anguish. He fell down on his knees on the earth and prayed, but seemed to be without power of faith. He arose, endeavoured to work, but could not; even his physical strength appeared to have departed from him. He again endeavoured to pray, but the gate of Heaven seemed barred against him. His faith in the atonement, so far as it concerned himself, was almost entirely gone; he could not believe that Jesus had died for him; the thickest darkness seemed to gather round and settle on his soul. He fell flat on his face on the earth, and endeavoured to pray, but still there was no answer; he arose, but he was so weak that he could scarcely stand. \* \* \* It is said the time

of man's extremity is the time of God's opportunity. He now felt strongly in his soul, Pray to Christ; another word for, Come to the holiest through the blood of Jesus. He looked up confidently to the Saviour of sinners, his agony subsided, his soul became calm; a glow of happiness seemed to thrill through his whole frame; all guilt and condemnation were gone."

The field in which this crisis befell him, this wrestle, as it were, with the angel, he used to visit with intense interest in the latter years of his life, when his journeys to Ireland brought him into its neighbourhood, and would have gladly got possession of it by purchase.

Adam Clarke continued to store his mind with such knowledge as a self-educated boy of active parts, slender means, and few opportunities, could command, grudging not a daily walk of many miles, early and late, in the depth of winter, to gain some acquaintance with French—never having found, as he says, a royal road to any branch of learning. His parents now made another effort to fix him in an honest calling, and a linen merchant of Coleraine, a relation of his own, was the man chosen to take him apprentice. With him he remained some time, but was never bound, satisfied with his situation chiefly as it gave him a more ready access to the ministry of the Methodists. At length through the intervention of one of the preachers, he was recommended to the notice of John Wesley, who proposed to receive him at Kingswood school, an establishment of Wesley's own projecting, and originally intended for the sons of itinerant preachers. Accordingly he set sail for England.

At this same school of Kingswood he arrived in a cold wet day of autumn, and with three-halfpence in his pocket. There he was thrust, by the churlish Nabals of the place, into a miserable, unfurnished chamber—fed thrice a day upon scanty supplies of bread and milk, not being allowed to join the family meals; and dressed before a large fire (the only one he saw there) with Jackson's itch ointment—it being presumed that such application could not be ill bestowed upon any one who proposed to be a student at Kingswood; meanwhile poor Adam was as innocent of any disease of the kind here intimated, save "an itching ear," as the child unborn. Here the poor lad worked in the garden to keep himself warm, and found a half-guinea in a clod. The inmates of this place were in general heartless persons enough, but in the present instance they could not reconcile it to themselves to deprive a forlorn boy of this God-send, for such it seemed to be, who proposed, however, on his own part, to resign it; and with six shillings of the sum, which was all that he had in the world, he gallantly bought Bayley's Hebrew Gram-

mar, the foundation of his future acquisitions in Oriental literature, and of the character by which he was principally known. Soon afterwards Wesley himself arrived at Bristol, and delivered his victim from this strange preparation for the ministry. "Mr. Wesley took me kindly by the hand. Our conversation was short,— 'Well, brother Clarke, do you wish to devote yourself entirely to the word of God?' I answered, 'Sir, I wish to do and be what God pleases.' He then said, 'We want a preacher for Bradford (Wilts), hold yourself in readiness to go thither; I am going into the country, and will let you know when you shall go.' He then turned to me, laid his hand upon my head, and spent a few minutes in praying to God to bless and preserve me, and to give me success in the work to which I was called."

Conference now met at Bristol, and thither Adam Clarke hastened—had the advantage of hearing seven sermons on the Sunday of its sitting—the last "an *awakening* one;" and, after only eleven months' probation as an itinerant preacher, was admitted into full connexion. On this occasion, the candidate has to answer certain inquiries previous to ordination, for the satisfaction of Conference; one of which, and one characteristic of the sagacity of the framer, is—"Are you in debt?" Now, it happened that Adam Clarke had borrowed a halfpenny in the morning, from one of his brother-preachers, to give to a beggar. Should he acknowledge that he was in debt, the sum would seem ridiculous: should he deny that he was in debt, the fact would not be true. "He dissolved the difficulty in a moment," we are triumphantly told, "by answering—'Not one penny.' Thus both his credit and conscience were saved. The reader," it is added, "may smile at all this; but the situation to him was, for some hours, very embarrassing."

We have now launched the stripling in his circuit; but he was without a horse. A gentleman, however, at Bradford—one of that class who heretofore "loved our people, and built them a synagogue"—would give the young preacher a horse; and, amongst other good qualities for which he extolled him, he was an excellent *chaise*-horse. "One of my horses," quoth John Wesley, who happened to be present, and heard the conversation, "troubles me much; he often will not draw. Had not I better take your horse, Mr. R., and let brother Clarke have mine? He *may* be a good hack, though a bad *chaise*-horse." The exchange was made, to the great delight of Adam Clarke, too happy to find himself in John Wesley's saddle. But, alas! not ten miles could he travel without the creature coming at least once upon his knees. Adam's friends endeavoured to persuade him to part with a beast which he rode at the extreme hazard of his

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neck; but it had been John Wesley's horse, and was precious in his sight. However, at last, when he had stumbled beyond forgiveness—having pitched his idolatrous rider upon his head, disturbed the vertebrae of his back-bone, and seriously injured him for three years—Adam Clarke consented "to change him with a farmer who had a high reverence for John Wesley, and promised to use him mercifully."

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### KEAN'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN LONDON.

A STRANGER in the porter's room of a theatre royal, gentle reader, is generally looked upon as a "suspicious person," and soon becomes subject of general inquiry amongst the gossips of the theatre; but Kean was not unknown, though his *purpose* was; he was known to Mrs. Bartley, for he had played Glendalvon to her Lady Randolph, &c.; he was known to Rae, to Elliston, to T. Dibdin—to Hughes and Oxberry intimately: the two latter actors knew his powers well, but Hughes, who had had the latest evidence of them, was himself but a novice in the theatre, having only appeared two months before Kean. Several ill-natured stories have been currently repeated respecting the insults Kean received; but his sensitiveness made him misconstrue much, and humble as his manner was, it was truly a *proud* humility. It has been said that he had no dressing-room assigned him: this is untrue; he did not choose to dress in the place allotted him by Mr. Wroughton (then the stage-manager), and in dudgeon went to the supernumeraries' room and dressed there; but though, only the day previous to his appearance, he had received a letter from his theatrical friends advising him against his rash attempt—though Mr. Knight had volunteered his opinion that "Mr. Kean had better pass his evenings in the front, trying to improve himself by witnessing the performance of good actors"—though Mr. Rae had passed him in the hall without recognising him—though the committee had said "*he* could not do"—though a certain set of underlings had christened him, in their jocularity, "Mr. Arnold's hard-bargain," Kean was not *actually* dispirited: stung in heart and mind\* he certainly was; but the night before his ap-

pearance he said, "Let me once set my foot before the float (*i. e.* the stage-lights), and I'll let them see what I am." In fact, he had one great attribute of genius—its irrepressibility: all real and all imagined slights (and he was always too apt to imagine the existence of neglect towards him) only confirmed his resolution; he did not come there merely to appear, he came there to succeed; he relied on his own powers and on the public judgment, and the little, submissive, meek, and frightened man that had rehearsed Shylock was wholly lost when he assumed the gaberline and beard. Very little interest appeared to be excited in the theatre; at the call of "last music," *i. e.* the commencement of the overture, the first peeper through the curtain announced the fact of its being a "*shy domus*," which was replied to by "What did you expect? there'll be nothing till half-price;" intimating that the pantomime might attract, but the new tragedian would not. On went Rae as Bassanio, in an especial ill humour, and the early scenes of the play were altogether enacted with a listless and careless spirit. At last the prompter gave the word "No. 3" to the call-boy, and he went to the green-room to call Shylock to his duty; but Shylock was not in the green-room, and hadn't been there: the boy went up to the dressing-room that had been allotted to the "new gentleman;" he was not there. Somewhat alarmed at this irregularity, the call-boy was hurrying back to report the fact, when he saw Shylock standing ready at the place at which he was to make his entrance; as in duty bound, the young functionary said, "You're called, sir." Thank you," was the reply; and those were the only words (save those of Shakspeare) that Kean uttered that night, until the end of the fourth act, Shylock's last scene. Stage-fright (which has been compared to sea-sickness) he certainly did not suffer from; he dreaded the green-room more than a thousand audiences; the pent-up hopes of years were now too near fulfilment for him to know the "taste of fear." Scene 3rd, Act 1.—Shylock and Bassanio entered; his reception was cordial, not rapturous; he acknowledged it rather slightly, and began: the wings (*i. e.* stage entrances) were not over-crowded, though it is common for the actors to come to see a new one's first scene; however, "come one, come all,"—it mattered little then; "*he* had got his foot to the float." Kean began to bestir himself the instant Bassanio left the stage; he was warmly applauded at the lines

"If I can catch him once upon the hip,  
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him."

When he replied to Antonio's sneer,

"Is your gold and silver ewes and rams?"

"I cannot tell—I make it bred as fast,"—

there was laughter and applause; the scene

\* If it was worth while to name individuals who, as Irish Johnstone said, are darkling in their reluctant obscurity, what an odd list of ladies and gentlemen could be given who did not remember him, and wondered where he came from up to the 26th of January, 1814; but who in the month of March amused their friends by the anecdotes of where they had first met Mr. Kean, and to whom they had first addressed the advice under which he was ultimately engaged.

went well, and as the act fell, a comedian who had been looking on went into the green-room—a comedian who is himself, in his peculiar walk, an admirable actor—and addressing some who had just entered, said, "I say! he's got a black wig and beard; did you ever see Shylock in a black wig?" This is not quoted as an instance of ill nature, for it was not said in that spirit, but as a proof of what a slight impression had been made on the mind of the actor in question by the new tragedian. Shylock does not reappear until Scene 4 in the second act; and of course it was expected Kean would have gone into the green-room. How low as the professions might have been, had he done so he would there have been congratulated on his success; for badly as the actors of the theatre royal, Drury-lane, might be suspected of wishing towards the interloper, they would not have been wanting in such an outward mark of decency; but Kean prowled about behind the scenes, didn't require the attention of the call-boy, but was at his post when wanted. In his speech to Jessica (Mrs. Bland) he was much applauded, and the audience had become extremely attentive,\* which was particularly shown by their approbation at his exit in this scene, when their plaudits must be considered rather as a sign of their general satisfaction than as extorted by his delivery of

"Safe bind, safe find,—

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind."

Act 3 commenced, Bassanio, Antonio, and Gratiano, and in fact, all the characters save Shylock, Tubal, Salarino, and Salanio, were quietly seated in the green-room, when the dread rumble of reiterated plaudits burst on their ears—"Again! again!! *What* could it be?" not "*Who* could it be?" for of that there was now no doubt. The green-room was cleared in an instant, and every character was at the wing to look at the "little man in the black wig," who was raging like a lion in the great scene with Tubal: the applause was, considering the scanty number of the audience, prodigious; as Oxberry very drolly said, "How the devil so few of them kicked up such a row was marvellous!" At the end of this scene Kean ran upstairs to the room where he had dressed to avoid his congratulators, and in the deep recesses of his own proud heart bury his joys. It appeared to those who were unused to Kean's enunciation that he had become hoarse from exertion, but in fact he was never in better voice. However, after him went Messrs. Raymond and Arnold, one bearing negus and the other oranges; and believe me, "my pensive pub-

lic," the fact of those great functionaries having done this proves that the impression he had made was by no means a slight one. The trial scene, though highly applauded, was rather an anti-climax in effect: such, in fact, it always was; for his scene with Salanio and Tubal was so overwhelming, that nothing could exceed it. Shylock ends in the fourth act, and before the play was over, Kean had left the theatre.†

Mr. Arnold had long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best judges of acting in England; yet he was trammelled and not allowed to exercise his discretion at Drury-lane: for, notwithstanding what in these days would have been termed Kean's "triumphant success," he was coldly announced to reappear on that day week.‡

Notwithstanding the effect produced by Shylock, so unwillingly is the wreath of genius accorded to the brow of a stranger, that there was no general feeling in theatrical circles of a master mind having risen amongst them until after his performance of Richard. —*Abridged from the New Monthly Mag.*

#### MONA WATER.

*By the Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

Oh, Mona's waves are blue and bright  
When the sun shines out, like a gay young lover;  
But Mona's waves are dark as night,

When the face of heaven is clouded over.  
The wild wind drives the crested foam  
Far up the steep and rocky mountain,  
And booming echoes drown the voice—  
The silvery voice of Mona's fountain.

Wild, wild, against that mountain's side  
The wrathful waves were up and beating.  
When stern Glenvarloch's chieftain came,  
With anxious brow and hurried greeting.  
He bade the widow's mother send,  
(While loud the tempest's voice was raging.)  
Her fair young son across the flood,

Where winds and waves their strife were waging.

And still that fearful mother prayed,  
"Oh! yet delay—delay till morning,  
For weak the hand that guides our bark.  
Tho' brave his heart, all danger scorning."  
Little did stern Glenvarloch heed:—  
"The safety of my fortress tower  
Depends on tidings he must bring  
From Fairlie bank within the hour.

"Seest thou across the sullen wave  
A blood-red banner wildly streaming?  
That flag a message sends to me,  
Of which my foes are little dreaming.  
Thy boy must put his boat across,  
(Gold shall repay his hour of danger.)  
And bring me back, with care and speed,  
Three letters from the light-browed stranger."

The orphan boy leapt lightly in;  
Bold was his eye, and brow of beauty;  
And bright his smile, as thus he spoke:  
"I do but pay a vassal's duty;

† He walked to the theatre to play, and carried his own bundle.

‡ I am not aware that any person of note in the profession was in the house on the night of his debut; very different was the feeling on the first appearance of Macready; among the persons present that night, (October, 1816,) were Kean, Banister, Betty, Rae, and Young.

\* It was a bitterly cold night, the house not half full, and the galleries, which were almost empty until half-past eight, had been, as twenty years ago they generally were, rather noisy.



Fear not for me, oh! mother dear,  
See how the boat the tide is spurning;  
The storm will cease, the sky will clear,  
And thou shalt watch me safe returning."

His bark shot on, now up, now down,  
Over those waves, the snowy-crested,  
Now like a dart it sped along,  
Now like a white-winged sea-bird rested.  
And ever when the wind sank low,  
Smote on the ear that woman's wailing,  
As long she watched, with straining eyes,  
That fragile bark's uncertain sailing.

He reached the shore, the letters claimed,  
Triumphant heard the stranger's wonder,  
That one so young should brave alone  
The heaving lake, the rolling thunder.  
And once again his snowy sail  
Was seen by her, that mourning mother;  
And *once* she heard his shouting voice;  
That voice the waves were soon to smother.

Wild burst the wind—wide flapped the sail—  
A crashing peal of thunder followed;  
The gust swept o'er the water's face,  
And caverns in the deep lake hollowed!  
The gust swept past, the waves grew calm,  
The thunder died along the mountain;  
But where was he who used to play,  
On sunny days, by Mona's fountain?

His cold corpse floated to the shore,  
Where knelt his lone and shrieking mother;  
And bitterly she wept for him,  
The widow's son, who had no brother!  
She raised his arm; the hand was closed,  
With pain the stiffened fingers parted,  
And on the sand those letters dropped,  
His last dim thought—the faithful-hearted!

Glenvarloch gazed, and on his brow  
Remorse and pain and grief seemed blending;  
A purse of gold he flung beside  
That mother o'er her dead child bending.  
Oh, wildly laughed that woman then!  
"Glenvarloch wad ye dare to measure  
The holy life that God hath gien,  
Against a heap of golden treasure?"

"Ye spurned my prayer, for we were poor;  
But know, proud man, that God hath power  
To smite the King on Scotland's throne,  
The chieftain in his fortress tower.  
Frown on, frown on! I fear ye not;  
We've done the last of chieftain's bidding;  
And cold he lies, for whose young sake  
I used to bear your wrathful chiding.

"Will gold bring back the cheerful voice  
That used to win my heart from sorrow?  
Will silver warm his frozen blood,  
Or make my hearth less lone to-morrow?  
Go back, and seek your mountain home,  
And when ye kiss yere fair-haired daughter,  
Remember him who died to-night,  
Beneath the waves of Mona's water!"

Old years rolled on, and fresh ones came,  
Foes dare not brave Glenvarloch's tower;  
But naught could bar the sickness out  
That stole into fair Amie's bower.  
The o'erblown flow'et in the sun  
Sinks languid down and withers daily,  
And so *she* sank, her voice grew faint,  
Her laugh no longer sounded gaily.

Her step fell on the old oak-floor,  
As voiceless as the snow-shower's drifting;  
And from her sweet and serious eyes  
Seldom they saw the dark lid lifting.  
"Bring aid, bring aid," the father cries;  
"Bring aid," each vassal's voice is crying;  
The fair-haired beauty of the isles,  
Her pulse is faint, her life is flying.

He called in vain, her dim eyes turned  
And met his own with patient sorrow;  
For well she knew, that fading girl  
How he must weep and wail the morrow.  
Her faint breath ceased, the father bent,  
And gazed upon his fair-haired daughter;  
What thought he on?—The widow's son,  
And the stormy night by Mona's water!

The above ballad is founded on an incident which took place in the days when the chieftain of a clan was the most despotic of all rulers. It was told me by an old ferryman, who religiously believed "fair Amie's" death to have been the consequence and punishment of the chief's tyranny towards the widow's son.—*Court Magazine*.

## Retrospective Cleanings.

### AMUSEMENT FOR SHOEMAKERS.

*A Shoemaker is a Gentleman*.—The above is the title to a comedy by William Rowley, which was acted at the Red Bull Theatre, Clerkenwell; and afterwards revived at the theatre in Dorset Gardens, 1638. The plot of this play, (says Baker,) is founded on a novel, called *Crispin and Crispianus*, or *The History of the Gentle Craft*. It consists of a good deal of low humour, and appears from Langbaine to have been a great favourite among the strolling companies in the country; and some of the most comical scenes in it used commonly to be selected and performed by way of droll at Bartholomew and Southwark fairs.

*The Shoemaker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft; with the Humorous Life of Simon Eyre, Shoemaker, and Lord Mayor of London*.—This comedy was acted before the Queen, by Thomas, Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral, and his servants, on New Year's day at night. The play has been attributed to Dr. Barton Holyday, who was son of one Thomas Holyday, a tailor, and was born in the parish of All Saints, Oxford, about the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is dedicated to all good fellows, Professors of the Gentle Craft, of what degree soever; and in the dedication the argument of the piece is laid down. It is printed in the black letter, and not divided into acts. The story is from an old book, printed in quarto, under the title of *The Gentle Craft*. The Cordwainer's Company was first incorporated by Henry IV., 1410. "Of these Cordwayners, (says Stow,) I read, that since the fifth of Richard II., when he took to wife Anne, daughter to Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia, by her example the English people had used piked shoes, tied to the knees, with silken laces, or chains of silver, and gilt: wherefore, in the fourth of Edward IV., it was ordained and proclaimed that beaks of skin and boots should not pass the length of two inches, upon paine of cursing by the Clergie, and by Parliament to pay 20s. for every paine: and every Cordwayner that shod any man or woman on the Sunday to pay 30s."—P. T. W.

## The Gatherer.

*Changing Names.*—At Newgate, the ancient Jack Ketch is now the "Yeoman of the Halter;" and in the newspapers, the public singers, with black whiskers and white waistcoats, who howl out "Non nobis, Domine," and afterwards do comic songs, are called eminent "vocalists;" a wig-maker to the lawyers in Lincoln's Inn Fields, is called a "forensic perrequier;" a corn-cutter is a "chiropodist;" an ear-doctor, an "aurist;" a workman, an "operative;" a butcher in South Audley-street is a "purveyor of meat;" and the skingly-skangly skipping people at the theatre, with their long legs and short petticoats, are suddenly transformed from the ancient grade of figure-dancers into the more classical character of "Coryphees!" Where this love of change will end who shall say?—*New Monthly Magazine.*

*Spain.*—The mass of the people of Spain, (says a recent traveller,) take little heed of the vices of the Government, and are entirely indifferent about political privileges. The Basque provinces, which are the most enlightened, have little to complain of; for they enjoy a multitude of privileges and exemptions which are well defined and jealously maintained; and as for the Spaniard in the southern provinces, give him his shade in the summer, and his sunshine in winter, his tobacco, his melon, his dates, his bread, and his wine; give him a hole to creep into, and put him within sound of a convent bell, and he asks no more; or if you rise a degree or two in society, and speak of the respectable peasant, then give to him his embroidered jacket, his tasselled hat, his guitar, and his *maja* (sweetheart, in the dialect of Andalusia), and it is a matter of indifference to him whether Spain be ruled by a Caligula or a Titus. W. G. C.

*Safe Side.*—Agreement made by William Hughes, as overseer of the poor, with himself as landlord of a house:—"We, the overseers of the poor of the parish of Llanfachraeth, will pay the rent of A. Jones, pauper of our parish, to W. Hughes, of Bodedern, the sum of 11. 5s. yearly, commencing to-morrow, the 13th of November, 1827, for an apartment of a house in Bodedern.

(Signed) "WILLIAM HUGHES."

This William Hughes was examined by the assistant commissioner on the Poor Laws, and he admitted that he signed the above on behalf of the parish and was the person mentioned in the body of it.—*Vide octavo edition of the report, page 15.*

*Ancient Drama.*—Aulus Gellius relates the following anecdote of an Athenian actor named Polus, who had gained a merited celebrity both for action, delivery, and figure. Polus had a son of whom he was extremely fond;

this son dying young, the father was so much affected that he for some time absented himself from the stage. At the time of his return to the stage, the *Electra* of Sophocles was performing, and he was appointed to play the part of Electra, who in one act is introduced weeping over the urn of Orestes. Polus procured the urn which contained the ashes of his own son, and when that was performed, he appeared, not acting sorrow, but truly weeping. W. G. C.

*Nature v. Physic.*—The Middlesex magistrates have recently published a report of the expense of maintaining 558 lunatics in the county asylum at Hanwell, wherein it is stated that, in an expenditure of 8,998l. 7s. 10½d., only 77l. was for physic.

*Cashmere Shawls.*—The great mart for the wool, of which these shawls are made, is at Kilghet, which is said to be a dependency of Ladak, and situated twenty days' journey from the northern boundaries of Cashmere. There are two kinds of it, that which can be readily dyed is white; the other sort is an ashy colour, which being with difficulty changed, or at least improved by art, is generally woven of its natural hue. About two pounds of either are obtained from a single goat once a-year. After the down has been carefully separated from the hairs, it is repeatedly washed with rice starch. This process is reckoned important, and it is to the quality of the water of their valley that the Cashmerians attribute the peculiar and inimitable fineness of the fabrics produced there. At Kilghet the best raw wool is sold for about one rupee a pound. By the preparation and washing referred to, it loses one-half, and the remainder being spun, three rupees' weight of the thread is considered worth one rupee. Shawls are made of various forms, size, and borders, which are wrought separately, with the view of adapting them to the different markets. Those sent to Turkey used to be of the softest and most delicate texture. Carpets and counterpanes are fabricated of the hair or coarser part of the wool.—*Martin's British Colonies.*

*French Palaces.*—The royal domains alienated from the French crown, in 1831, were those of Rambouillet, Strasburg, and Bordeaux, the two latter of which were scarcely ever visited by royalty. These, together with some hotels at Paris, that were incumbrances rather than necessities, were valued at about eighteen millions of francs. The royal domains that still remain attached to the crown, are the Tuileries, the Louvre, St. Cloud, Meudon, Versailles, Fontainebleau, and Compeigne. W. G. C.

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